

THE  
DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT:  
OR, THE

◇ FORTUNE Hunters.

A

C O M E D Y

I N

TWO ACTS

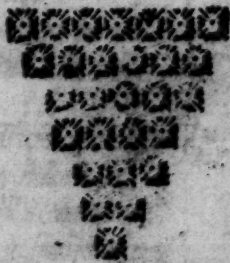
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Written by a GENTLEMAN. *K*

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*Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.*

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Printed in the Year 1755

P R O L O G U E

THIS Author sure must be a poor Dog  
to pick out Me to speak his Prolog

my friend, I the first of my kind

and better come and prove himself

But since the foolish Rascals

will Vex's impole on him as Me

ill tell some things that are not

and let the poor man be

The first of my kind

meanly Regiment of men doing things

See right on I want to be all doing things

(To be Rascals are of my kind)

and I the first of my kind

the first of my kind

But by my hand our first Command

our first Command

Our ship was more than

from the large Boys to the first

Then pray observe the

Wed as a Pill

and one of the

with a great

That will be the

One of the

to me I that of my kind

and yet, dear Sir, that my kind

I am the first of my kind

Pray that of my kind

I wonder if you will

If I can be a

I'll be that I be and I be

I'll make a Captain of my kind

So the first of my kind

for that of my kind

We'd be that of my kind

I never to my kind

and I never to my kind

but that of my kind

That can't be of my kind

Good Night, dear Sir, I am

and I am of my kind



THE MAN

# PROLOGUE

**T**HIS Author sure must be a low Dog  
to pick out Me to speak his Prolog'  
an Irishman ! the silly Elf  
had better come and prate himself  
But since the foolish Rapparee  
will Verse impose on such as Me  
I'll tell some Things that late befell  
and let the Poet go to Hell  
I've been involv'd in peaceful Wars  
mongst Regiments of marching Tars;  
Sea Fights on Land we've all been losing,  
( These Rhymes are of my own exposing )  
and to the shame of our brave Fleet  
we Victories have got complete  
tho' we have stupidly been beat:  
But by my shoul our fine Commanders  
were Geeses Husbands, two great Ganders !  
Our Ship was man'd by Women all  
from the large Boys down to the small:  
Then pray observe the pretty Fun  
We'd ne'er a Pistol but one Gun:  
and one old Halbert for a Sword  
with a Steel Cutlass made of board  
Those are the necessary Arms  
that fill'd the Spaniards with alarms  
One Frenchman I saw lying dead,  
to end him I shot off his Head;  
and yet, dear Sirs, that very day  
I saw the Rascal run away.  
Pray don't of what I say now prattle —  
I murder'd Six Men in fair Battle!  
If I can be a Commadore  
I'll shew that Three and Two make four.  
I'll make a Captain of my Mother,  
She shall Command as well's another;  
for true as our good Ship's a swimming  
We'd sev'ral Officers old Women  
I never to my Hammock creep  
but I am wak'd before I sleep  
but hold! while I thus prate away  
They can't go forward with the Play!  
good Night, sweet Honies, fen I next appear  
you'll see an honest Fortune-Hunter here.



# **Dramatis Personæ**

**GRIFE** ————— **Mr, Farrel**

**LOVEMORE** ————— **Mr Dodd**

**PHÆLIM O BLUNDER** ————— **Mr Whitley**

**Marquis de FANFARON** ————— **Mr Yonge**

**JEREMY** ————— **Mr Stanford**

**CONSTABLE** ————— **Mr Bryan**

**SERVANT** ————— **Mr Pero**

**ISABEL** ————— **Mrs Stanford**

**SCENE LONDON.**





THE  
DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter GRIPE and ISABEL.



W AS there ever so Perverse a Baggage.

*Isa:* Was there ever so unreasonable a Guardian.

*Gripe:* What Cause have I given you to be so undutiful, have I exerted the Power your deceased parents invested me with does not, choice of Lovers visit you but your mind is so set on that young rake-hell LOVEMORE that nothing but my Steadiness could keep you from the Ruin you so justly deserve.

*Isa:* Yes indeed uncle you do admit variety of Lovers to visit me and both alike are hateful, the Frenchman is all feather the Irishman all lead, and of the two coxcombs I've my choice, but I tell you once for all I've set my affections on LOVEMORE,

and

## The Double Disappointment.

he and only he you nor your great barr'd gates  
shall not keep me from, for now I'll tell you my  
mind, trouble me no farther.

*AIR I. What heartless foe to love*  
O Blun: Och upon my shou! my Dear you was  
— as his *Your idle threats on me like me*  
*Are all in vain employ'd*  
*Thus still remains the constant tree*  
*By tempests undestroy'd*  
*Love never shall be once remov'd*  
*But with a constant heart*  
*To see the man I ever lov'd*  
*When pierc'd by Cupid's Dart*

2

*Could Argus from his watchful Tower*  
*Long keep the trusted fair*  
*Or Jay did Dian's shady Bower*  
*Eclude a Lover's care*  
*Force a while with Iron sway*  
*May sever nymph and swain*  
*Like parted waters they obey*  
*But quickly meet again.*

**Enter O' BLUNDER**

O' Blun: Permit me, Madam, to assure you I long  
to die in your service that I may shew you I'd be  
your most faithful humble Sarvant all the days of  
life afterwards, that good Gentleman your uncle,  
has often told me you was not disagreeable to me,  
and if I may judge by the grace of my Person and  
and the beauty of my Complexion I may hope that  
a Tall Brave IRISHMAN may give you a heart that

was

# The DOUBLED DISAPPOINTMENT.

anybody's before but his own and not that neither  
upon my Shoul Mada n. —

Gripe: O Mr. O' BLUNDER you're so taken up  
with your Mistress that I may expect but little of  
your most sweet conversation.

O Blun: Och upon my Shoul my Dear you was  
hid so clear in a mist that I saw you as plain as —  
Sir I hope you are very well — Harkee my Dear  
Mr. GRIPE suppose now I was married to your  
Niece what Relation wou'd you be to me then? —  
O, yes you'd be my Father in Law — but come  
my Dear Miss ISABEL because you look so Colly-  
Molly, I'll sing you an Irish Song

## AIR II. Ballinamony &

Where ever I'm going and all the day long  
At home or abroad or alone in a throng  
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong  
That your name when I'm silent still runs in my Song

Ballinamony ora &c

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose  
But sleep all the day to forget half my woes  
So hot is the flame in my Stomach that glows

By St. PATRICK fear it will burn thro' my cloaths

Och now I'm afraid I will die in my grave

Unless you comply and poor PHEBIM will save

And grant the Petition your Lover does crave

Who never was free till you made him your Slave

On that



## THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

*On that happy day when I make you my Bride  
With a swinging long sword how I'll strike and I'll stride  
Through and for horses with honey to ride  
As before you I walk to the Church by your side*

**W:** Odious Blockhead! (*ASIDE.*) I'm sure Sir  
**a** Gentleman of your address must always be very  
desirable among the Ladies.

**O Blun:** So all the Ladies did say of Little PHA-  
LIM O'BLUNDER, and if I was in their company  
they wou'd laugh at me so that I cou'd plainly dis-  
cover their affections. But let an Irishman alone  
to get sweet heart.

**W:** But pray Mr. O'BLUNDER in all your tra-  
vels was you never mistaken in your Opinion?

**O Blun:** Never my Dear for when I took my Post  
chaife Horses and came by long sea from PARIS,  
there did two Ladies die with grief a twelvemonth  
before I did take my leave of them and two more  
Six months after that, which I never hear'd of in  
my Life, and last Sunday will be a month since I  
did come to England to make love upon you, for  
you are the Phoenix of the age and I never saw any  
body so pretty as you, except one JUGGY CAVENAH  
and one SHEELINAH GUIREAGH in Ireland and by  
my Shoul they was as Carroty as a black Dog.

**Enter a SERVANT.**

**Ser:** Sir there's a French Marquis below.

**Griz:** O Pray desire the Gentleman to walk up.

**EXIT SERVANT**

**Enter**

**Mar.** Enter **MARGUERITE** and **GRISSETTE**  
**Mar.** My Charante Mademoiselle, permit me  
 Madam at de invitation of Monsieur Votree Uncle  
 to offer once more in my Person all that France has  
 noble and Polite — my Grand Father that is de  
 Marquis de la BOMARDE, has taken more Towns  
 (in Polite) than you have hearts, and my Father  
 Monsieur L' count de L' CINQUECALARIE was  
 employ'd in the cabinet council of de Grand Mon-  
 arch and me Madam, Monsieur CINQUECALARIE  
 Margens de L' ANFARON have left my country, to  
 shew that to command a Prince is less than to obey  
 the smiles of a Mistress.

**Isa.** Sir without dispute a Gentleman of your  
 Family, education and polite behaviour, would  
 make any Lady extremely happy.

**Mar.** Madam! Beauty so attracts, that the lustre  
 of a Crown is less engaging than one little light of  
 your Bon-grace — oh! Monsieur GRISSETTE ayoubres  
 humble Serviteur Monsieur how you do. — pray  
 what a Fine Gentleman is that along with you there?  
**Grissette.** That's PHILIM O' BLUNDER Esq: of  
 Ireland a Gentleman of great fortune and is lately  
 come from Paris.

**Mar.** Lately come from Paris, me will go and  
 have some conversation with him — Monsieur  
 voutres humble Serviteur, France Parie est En beau  
 Paoui France is the finest Country, as I never saw  
 in my life.

**O. Blun.** Sir I cou'd never learn how to twist my

tongue

## THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

tongue round your discourse in all my life, but Sir I understand you as well as if you said nothing at all to me.

*Mrs*: what Monsieur, not speak de french! it is very great pity upon my word, for almost every body speaks french now. — Monsieur when I take my leave at Paris, Madam Le Duchesse de Quinvil that is my Grandmother, did say to me ah Marquis de FANFARON you go to England prenez garde vous take care of your heart for de English Ladies be very great Beauties and alloways lay their snares for our men of Quality — me say never fear for that. — my Sister La Marque Le Chavelseys Likewise say to me ah my Dear Brother if you will marry is there not Mademoiselle de LAMARMITE for you.

*O Blun*: Harkee my dear wou'd she have you marry a Mermaid?

*Mar*: No, no, Monsieur, Mademoiselle MAR-MITE is the Lady's Name or is there not Mademoiselle Pet ONGUELEAR she's in Love with you but my fortune has thrown me to England to see a much fairer Lady. oh speak my fate madam I've been dans les armées du rusi in many battles, but I never was in such danger before.

*O Blun*: If this frenchman be as great a rogue as I upon my soul it will be very comical.

*Mar*: (Sings) AIR. III.

*Petit Cupid now has caught me  
And me feel the cruel smart  
In chains the rogue to you has brought me  
Take madam my wounded heart with a Meriton &c*

Aford



## THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT

*Afford dumoi some compassion  
Nor let me too long complain  
When a Frenchman tells his Passion  
Can he ever Plead in vain with a Merlison &c*

When shall I be the happy man to conduct you to my Grand Chiteau in Daupheine. she's Verry pretty upon my word.

*I/a*: Mr. O' BLUNDER it is in vain for me to hide the esteem I've for you so if you will meet to night at the bottom of the Garden I'll have a Parson ready to fix us together in happiness.

*O Blun*: I know that my dear; but I tell you what as it will be very dark, my dear I'll tie six penny worth of Black ribband in my button hole, so that you may know me by the tone of my voice and the grace of my Person.

*I/a*: Do so for I must be gone for fear of Suspicion [Exit]

*Gripe*: Lookee MARQUIS upon condition that you give me a thousand Guineas out of my nieces ten Thousand I'll manage the affair so that she shall be yours in eight and forty hours so till you consider of it I'm your humble Servant. [Exit]

*Mar*: A thousand guineas is a great deal of Lorryong but begar I'll be revenged by denying all my engagements, and follow the Poilticks of France. Hem! Sir you make me very uneasy to see you here, so I Desire you not to repeat your visit on Pain of my displeasure.

*O Blun*: Sir I never was bred nor born a Physician in my Life but I'll tell you how you'll cure your self that is,

that is I woud not have you come here your self, and then you wont see me here, for if you was blind of both your eyes you shoud see I'd come and visit that Getlewoman.

*Mrs:* Sir you are a Gentleman I suppose.

*O'Blun:* Why my dear you may know that by the softness of my Thumbs feet it.

*Mar:* your thumb Sir! me no understand you dumb but if you are a Gentleman meet me an hour hence in the fields, for an officer of the arms du roi cannot bear a rival either in Love, or in Glory, begar I'll cut your throat.

*O'Blun:* you french son of a whore have at you.

*(Both Draw) G R N P E, Enters and interposes.*

*Gripe:* For Heavens sake Gentlemen be quiet.

*O'Blun:* O Let him alone my Dear, I'll not meet him except he comes behind me to my Throat.

*Mar:* Begar Sir if you do meet me, I will make one, two, three twenty trust in your Body. Monsieur Gripe good bye to you. *Exit*

*O'Blun:* Upon my Soul I believe this old Gripe is an old Paparee and when I'm married to his niece I'll forswear the Bonds and not give him a groat which is nothing, nor that neither, which is less, and I'll make him pay me back all the money I never paid him *(to Gripe)* Wed my dear Father in Law the Blessing of St. PARRICK be about your House and upon all the pretty Little Children that I'll beget upon that pretty gentlewoman your niece. *Exit*

*Gripe:* So let things go how they will, I'm sure of a thousand guineas. *Exit*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE the STREET.

Enter LOVEMORE and JEREMY.

Love (Sings) AIR. IV.

*As pleasing as shade to the way faring swain,  
Where the ardour of Phœbus had scorch'd the sweet plain  
As groves to the Lynit or Thyme to the bee  
So, welcome my fair one so welcome to me*

2

*When Love's once united, no Tyrant shall part  
Nor can time efface what is grav'd on my heart,  
Remembrance still knows when all raptures are past  
For friendship's a flame that burns bright at the last*

3

*It cheers our sad hours it heightens our joy:  
This nor whim can abate, nor can fashion destroy  
While beauty alone on too fickle a wing  
Like the fairest of blossoms oft dies in her spring.*

JEREMY

Jer: Sir.

Love: Be double diligent to night, my ISABEL writes me word she has appointed her two boobies to meet her in the orchard, do you go and take such instructions as she will give you.

Jer: yes Sir — but I saw the Irishman last week, and tho' it's five years since I've seen him before, I remember him perfectly well; when he was helper in Sir JOHN FRIENDLY'S Stables, he was turn'd out of the Family for stealing a Silver spoon.

Love: Ha, ha, ha, dear JEREMY mind your instructions for my affairs are brought to a crisis, and on your fidelity depends my everlasting felicity.

Jer: You may give yourself no farther trouble

Sir



Sir — so fortune be my guide. [Exit Sir]

Enter O BLUNDER

O Blun; Well said Little Phælim, upon my soul you have done for your self — why then it was a happy day for you when Sir JOHN FRIENDLY turn'd you off for stealing a silver spoon — which you did not steal neither but put in your Pocket by way of mistake, why then upon my soul I believe if I was to be hang'd I should live to be a Great man after, but this I know as well as if nobody did tell me that Miss ISABEL has ten thousand Pounds, and when I'm married to her I'll go by my self, that is along with her into Ireland and there we'll live as loving as two cock sparrows on a thatch'd Cabbin, then PHÆLIM O BLUNDER will be an Esquire in good earnest and I'll go up to Dublin in the Parliament winter, and I'll leave my wife behind me to take care of me in my absence — why then upon my soul I think a Single life is very disagreeable till a man's married.

(Sings) *I'm walking all the night  
Like a Ghost that had lost his sight*

Enter MARQUIS

Mar: What do you make all dis noise here for?  
villain! coquain.

O'Blun: I did not make no noise.

Mar: Is you did. for when me turn the corner of de Park me hear you.

O'Blun: you lye perhaps.

Mar: Me no understand your perhaps.

O BLUN:

O Blun: Why then you lye without any haps at all.

Mar: Oh, Monsieur you give me the lye.

O Blun: Yes my Dear and put it in your Pocket.

Mar: Did you know my farther my Grandfather were all Generals in the arms du roi? and yet you come court my mistress villain ——— What be your family

O BLUN: Sir did you know my Grandfather? and that he had a longer name than yours?

Mar: What was his name eh?

O BLUN: His name was SHAMUS JAMES M' CARTY M' KILLNEGAD M' KILLNEGOOD M' KILLNEDUFF M' SHANE M' RAGAN M' FAGAN Ugus, M' THONAMON Joul you french son of a whore, and he was a greater traveller than yours.

MAR: A Traveleer!

O BLUN: yes Sir, he was twice to the west Indies, before he was twenty years of age but upon my shoul he was transported there [ ASIDE ] and what is more than that I never had no Grandfather at all, becau e my mother had me before she was married. ( ASIDE )

MAR: I cannot bear — alons Monsieur draw your sword, begar I'll cut your throat.

O BLUN: O my dear I'll be with you in a crack ( DRAWS ) now you french son of a whore, I'll be in your Gizzard

MAR: Hold, hold Monsieur, BLUNDER let me speak to you.

O BLUN: O you scoundrel speak after I kill you  
I'll

I'll not hear a word out of your mouth till you're dead.

MAR: I did not tink he wou'd Fight, parbleu!

(*Aside.*)

MONSIEUR BLUNDER tis all a joke put up your sword. I'd not quarrel with my very good friend, I do assure you I esteem you en cavalier accompli, What de devil you no understand a joke?

O BLUN: O my Dear I know you never lov'd the smell of cold Iron, but since it is so, I'll put up, for I'm as peaceable in all my Quarrels as no Body at all, but remember the family of the O BLUNDERS will never be us'd ill in public company except it be behind their backs.

MAR: Come come, let us be friends.

O BLUN: Ay my dear and to shew I mean you no harm give us your fist, but I'll tell you what, if you come near Miss ISABEL, that is within a great distance of her, nation to my soul but I'll beat you longer than I can stand over you, I'll Skiver you like a Rabbit you French Hottentot son of a whore.

EXIT Singing.

MAR: the Devil take that dam Irishman he has frighten me out of my wits: but this is the time I did promise to meet my dear Chormante Miss ISABEL at the bottom of the Garden.

EXIT.

Enter ISABEL

Well sure my heart hasn't gone so pit a Pat a long while what a Severe thing it is for a young creature as I am, to be, under the government of an old covetous



covetous Uncle, he'd for the sake of a thousand guineas surrender me into the arms of either of these wretches whom I abhor: but this is the time I promised to meet the n, so I trust to fortune for a fair riddance. [Enter JEREMY] O you are the one I wanted I've appointed O BLUNDER and Marquis to meet me here at this hour, so as it is very dark you may counterfiet my voice as near as you can to deceive 'm, while I as swift as CUPID's wings fly to the arms of Mr. LOVEMORE, so now good JEREMY be watchful and success attend you. (Exit.

JER: So now to my place, I hear some body, so must retire. [Exit.

Enter O BLUNDER

Upon my soul 'tis so dark that I can't see the Moon so I'll take out my spy glass to see whether it's up or no, faith when I get this fortune I'll study Philosophy, and know the reason the the Moon shines one night and won't come out of another, I wish I had a candle and lanthorn to look for it.

Enter JEREMY

JER: Who's there? Mr, O BLUNDER!

O BLUN: faith is it my dear, and your eyes look so bright that I believe you stick candles in them.

JER: I beg you wont speak loud for fear of my uncle hearing you, for then we shou'd both be ruin'd so to avoid accidents, let me lead you into the Green-house, till I can fetch a Parson, for I long to be yours.

O BLUN: faith I knew that, but my little wife,

I

I must say you a Song that I writ extrumperry Yef-  
terday.

(Sings) AIR V.

One Saturday Morning about twelve a Clock  
I parted from Ring's End and left the black Rock,  
then Rejoicing at two the next Night upon shore  
I cry'd, my dear Life, 'till my Heart it was sore.

2

I will be from Home almost more than a Year,  
Next Lady Day past and came very fast here;  
If I'd stay'd there 'till now, by my Shoul they drink so  
I wou'd have been dead a full fortnight ago.

3

My Successors, Honey, all going before  
were worth ten Hundred pounds in good Copper, and more,  
and my Father, for whom I cry Och, och och Hone!  
lies buried beneath a brave wooden Tomb Stone.

4

I wish I was blind before I did see  
a Woman well bodied in Face such as thee,  
for you'll kill me with Kindness, and if you do so  
I'll come and torment you wherever I go

5

Shou'd you prove false hearted and not be Untrue  
O how will I cry Sul, lul, lul! Hub hub boo.  
Yet shou'd I die soon, Och! I'll take care and see  
that You the chief Mourner at my Fun'ral will be.

6

to CORK will I carry you sen you're my Bride  
and in your own Cock boat with Splendour you'll ride  
You've Beef there for Nothing, and, I'll tell you what,  
Good Mutton and Veal, dear Joy, cheaper than that

Och! Let me kiss your Little white fist, and before  
my dear Joy you will be after coming before me!

(is lead off to Jermyacha Returns

So

So, I've got rid of one Let the other come as soon as he Pleases ——— Egad I hear him.

Enter MARQUIS

MAR : De devil take that damn'd rowling Stone, it did break my leg.

JER : Whose there?

MAR : Ah! ma charmante where are you.

JER : Here Sir; but make no noise for fear of my uncle: the Irishman was here so I was oblig'd to shew outward complisance to him on purpose to get rid of him; for it is an easy matter to distinguish between a Gentleman of your figure, and an Irish Bogtrotter.

MAR : Oui cermant, yes certainly, an air of a man of Distinction carries such a Pals with it; that there is no resisting of it, so I long to carry you to my Grand chateau, and make you the first Lady in Dauphane.

JER : I know you do Sir, but Pray let me convey you into the Green — house till I can run and fetch Parson.

MAR : I will; but be sure you no stay long — there be no fishpond in my way.

JER : No, no, Sir.

( Exeunt.

Scene Discovers the MARQUIS leaning against a Tree, and OBLUNDER asleep on the ground.

Enter GRIPE, with a Candle

GRIPE : Sure there's something more than common going forward, for I cou'd not sleep for an odd noise I heard this way, I'm afraid my niece is about Playing me a slippery trick.

Mar:



MAR: I wish my Dear Miss ISABEL would come, I am quite fatigued with Impatience ah! here she is no tis Monsieur GRIPE, parbleau.

GRIPE: Well I cannot think but my niece has deceiv'd me.

MAR: Begar Sir I fear she has deceiv'd me too for she say Monsieur Le Marquis, meet me to night at the Bottom of the Garden in the green house and I will marry you for I hate the Irishman and when I did come you see there is Monsieur Le BLUNDER Like wise, so if she has made a fool of me she shall see a gentleman of my Rank and Quality will seek opportunity of Revenge.

GRIPE: be assur'd good Sir till I enquire into the affair. Mr. O Blunder, Mr. O Blunder.

(wakes him.)

O BLUN: Och my dear if I had not been asleep you might have waken'd me as often as you wou'd

GRIPE: Pray Sir upon what account did you come here?

O BLUN: why my dear my coming here is a secret but I'll communicate it to the loving company — you must know that Miss ISABEL (being struck with my voice and Person) did give me an assignation to meet her in the dark that no-body might hear us, so after I did meet her she did not come; so my dear I was recreating my self with a nap to pass away the time — Arrah my dears I wish you'd both go about your business for she won't come if there be any body here besides my self.

MAR: Sir she tell me, she love me, and nobody

else

else, ma'oi

O BLUN: Sir she loves me better than you.

MAR: How you know that?

O BLUN: Because I dream of her every night.

MAR: What signifies that, I dream of the Devil sometimes.

Enter JEREMY.

JER: Mr. LOVEMORE is come to wait on you.

GRIP: Shew him up (Exit JEREMY.)

Enter LOVEMORE and ISABEL

LOV: Your servant Sir.

GRIFE: O, ho, so madam, you have made your choice I see and got a husband.

LOV: Yes Sir I'm the happy man.

MAR: What you be the husband parableau.

GRIFE: Oh, death! ruin! destruction! I'm finely bilkt.

LOV: your niece has shew'd herself a girl of Spirit and she has got her writings out of your desk and I have them in my Possession and have Discover'd all your roguery.

GRIP: O Lord, he has to be sure discover'd all the agreements between Hellfire the Lawyer and I

(Aside

O you inconsiderate Jade I'm glad your Poor Parents did not live to see this day but since I can do nothing else I'll have you hang'd for robbery. [Exit

O'BLUN:

O' BLUN : I wish you were all hang'd together,  
seperately in one rope.

LOVE : Pray Sir have not I seen your face before?

O BLUN : Like enough my de- r but I remember  
I never saw yours in all my Life before.

LOVE : Pray was not you a helper in Sir John  
FRIENDLY's stables and was not you turn'd out for  
this very?

MAR : A Thief! One must take care of my Pocket

O' BLUN : Upon my soul he remembers me too  
well I wish the Devil woud burn his memory (A SIDE  
Sir if I did use to rub down horses it was by way of  
recreation and because an Irishman hates to be Idle.

I A : O Sir consider he's a Stranger, you'll make  
him blush.

O' BLUN : O never fear my dear by my Soul I ne-  
ver blush'd in my life nor spoke truth neither, and  
when I did no one woud believe me.

MAR : I've stay here a great while, and say no-  
thing, at all, because I woud no interrupt the Affairs  
La familie but what is the reason you chuse a Gen-  
tleman of my rank and Quality to impose on?

I A : Because Sir your Vanity mixt with an equal  
Share of stupidity must always render you a Proper  
object to be impos'd upon.

Enter JEREMY

JER : Sir here's a Servant of my Lord Either side's  
come after a French Valet de Chambre who robb'd  
his master of above five hundred Pounds and by  
the discription this must be he.

MAR : I wonder such feigner as this BLUNDER  
shou'd



should appear in the Beau monde, when any Body may tell a Gentleman by his Politeness and Bone-Grace:

LOVE: Tell him to come up. [Exit JEREMY

Enter CONSTABLE and SERVANT

SERV: I beg pardon of the company for this, but Mr constable I charge with that fellow; Sir, that was my Master's valet, who not being content with a Great many marks of his friendship has robb'd him of above five hundred Pounds besides effects to a Considerable Value.

O'BLUN: Hurra! upon my Soul I'll make game of the french man ——— Monsieur what Long name is that your Grandfather had just now? come give me your fist till I wish you Joy, because you'll be hang'd by your Self, and I shall live all the days of my Life after you.

MAR: Madam ——— Gentleman, I beg of you to make some intercession for me that I may not be hang'd in a Strange country and in the flower of my age.

LOVE: If procuring you a stronger halter than ordinary will be of any service to you, you may command my Interest.

MAR: O me be ver much oblig'd to you upon my word. what the Devil business had I to be a Gentle nan! ambition has been my ruin! here, Monsieur le Constable, carry me to the Devil if you please. (Exit with the Constable.

O BLUN: upon my shoul Miss ISABEL, you have used

The DOUBLE DI-APPOINTMENT

used me ill, for if you had a mind to decieve me, why did not you tell me so at first: besides, my dear I bought a yard of sixpenny ribband for a groat which I hope you 'll repay me back again that I may be no Loser by my Loss.

LOVE: Look'ee Sir, since we dont use you as you deserve I desire you 'll quit the House this instant, and appear in another kind of garb, for if ever I see you, or hear of you assuming any thing like a gentleman, I 'll send you to a proper Place— a pretty fellow to pretend to a fortune.

OBLUN: by Saint Patrick I beg both your Pardons, and if I did endeavour to get a fortune 'twas only because I'd get an honest Livelihood, so as fortune was always a foe to poor PHÆLIM O'BLUNDER I'll pull off my long sword and wig and fine cloaths, for I believe they dont become me so, wishing you both as happy as nobody at all, I wish you may live to see your children and your great Grand children crying at your own funerals. [E. it

ALL Ha! ha! ha! 4 AP 54

LOVE: (Sings) AIR VI.

*Thus blest with the maiden I love  
Contentment shall guild the new day  
While Hymen the time shall improve  
And scatter with myrtle the way*

*With a garland of never dying flowers  
O Peace from thy dwelling repair  
Soft joys shall direct our fond hours  
And smilse on so happy a pair.*

FINIS

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